Vol. XXX ..... No. 9,188.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.-TRIPLE SHEET.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

# THE GREAT NAVIES.

No. III.-RUSSIA: A CRITICAL SURVEY BY OUR SPECIAL CORRE-

LONDON, Aug. 24.-The strength of Russia is as SPONDENT. . erident in her dock-yards as in her arsenals, and bewever much the other powers may have deceived the outside world as to their naval strength, they know perfectly well that in the event of a general war the antagonists of Russia will find her a very different customer to deal with than she was 56 1864. She has more than any other European Power, profited by the experience of that war in the Crimea, and the American struggle of 1861. Her navy is to-day more formidable, in the weight of its metal and the fighting qualities of its ships, than either France, Prussia, Italy, Austria, or Turkey, and more nearly approaches that standard which it has been my object in these reports to define. This has been my deject in these reports to denne. This circumstance is the mere remarkable in view of the comparative disabilities under which the country may fairly be said to have labored; and to make this clear it will be well to east a retrospective

glance. ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE NAVY. Until almost the beginning of the Eighteenth century Russia had no navy at all. The boundaries of the Empire were first advanced to the sea by Peter the Great, that sovereign who so well deserved the and who laid broad and deep the foundations on which the present grand Muscovite Empire is built. His master mind foresaw the importance that his country might be made to have in the destinies of Europe, and set himself the task of creating a navy, and educating shipwrights to build his ships and sailors to man them. In 1696 the gigantic work was commenced by the construction of several Lake Pripus. or small yachts, carrying lateen sails, under his own personal superintendence, assisted by expert shipwrights from Holland and Venice, whom he had engaged for the purpose. He not only himself familiar with the art of ship-building, but studied navigation as well, so that no obstacle of any kind whatsoever which might arise should defeat the object he had in view. The experiment was necessarily a slow one, en vironed by difficulties, but, being pursued with tenacious perseverance, resulted, in 1711, in the construction of the Dock Yards of Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, and from this date the Russian Navy rapidly increased. We find it, at the outbreak of the Crimean War, in 1854, after a lapse of 143 years, ports, some of which were armed with the heaviest guns then in use. The Kamtschatka, a side-wheel steam sloop, built in 1840 by William H. Brown of New-York, had, among others, two 10-inch pivot shell guns, which, at that time, were considered very formidable indeed. The commencement of hostilities in the Crimea put a stop to the progress of Russian naval development, for the strength of England, France, and Turkey combined, on the ocean, compelled her to play almost the same ignoble part as Prussia has during the present war. Her eruisers hardly dared show themselves at any important point, or share in the national defense ch less undertake offensive operations. There was nothing left for Nicholas but to withdraw from the ocean, gather his ships together in the narrow channels of Sevastopol Harbor, and sink them where their hulks at least might bar the entrance of the overshadowing fleets which the Allies had massed for the attack on the fortresses in that locality. The fortifications were armed with 10-inch guns, the range of which was much greater than that of the 42-pounders which the attacking vessels mostly carried, and the Russian authorities sunk their ships at such a distance as would prevent the vessels coming up where they could participate in the attack by the land forces, while at the same time their unplated wooden hulls could be perforated by the shot and shells from the forts. The plan was completely successful, and the naval forces of the Allies had no important effect upon the fortifications until the ap-

pearance of that first iron-clad steamer, to which I alluded in my last report. THE ORIGIN OF IRON-CLADS. England and France had both been engaged in experiments, at home in testing the effects of heavy ordnance upon wood and iron targets. They discovered that at a distance of 1,000 yards the 10-meh shell and 42-pound shot then in use made little or no impression on an iron target four inches thick, and the navy constructors at once set about building gunbeats for use at Sevastopol. The first one was completed in 1855, and France opened fire with it on the 17th of October. The dimensions of the vessels of this type were length, 172 feet; breadth, 43 feet; depth, 17 feet; displacement about 2000 tuns. The bottom was flat, sides vertical to the spar deck, and above that they inclined to inward the rail. The armor was four-and-a-half inches thick, and below this the bottom was sheathed with thin galvanized iron. They had three masts with yards and squaresails on the foremast, and fore-and-aft sails on the main and mizzen masts. Sixteen ports were made on a side each three feet wide, and 10 feet from center to cen ter. The port sills were little more than two feet above water when the boats were ready for sea. They had each one screw. The armament was 16 16-inch guns, all of which were used on one side of the ship at Sevastopol. They were not good seabeats, had little speed, and steered badly; but, by some such lucky chance as befel the Monitor on her first voyage, they reached their destination in safety. During the engagement they were struck 50 or 60 times each, but received no injury; and no casualty resulted on board except from shot that entered the ports. The French iron-clad Devastation was also struck 58 times at Kinburn and with the same results. Other iron-clad boats were built by England on a slight modification of this plan, the Thunderer being a familiar example, but as neither they nor their prototypes worked very well the plans were abandoned, and Mr. Reed, the newly appointed Chief Naval Constructor, set about find ing improvements. The dimensions of the Thunderer class were: Length, 186 feet; breadth, 48] feet; depth, 18] feet. They were of wood, and plated like the first-class. This, it must be recollected, was only 16 years ago, and yet how many different kinds of iron-clads have been tried since then, and what progress has been made toward the realization of the great essentials of a war ship! What may not the next 16 years have in store for us in the same field of discovery ! The wonderful changes in naval architecture date from 1854, but it would not be fair to say that then, for the first time, vessels were em

ployed which were shielded by external coverings from the impact of shot. AN ANCIENT SHOT-PROOF BATTERY. Away back at the siege of Gibraltar, 1782, the Spaniards converted 10 ships into floating batteries, the largest being of some 1,400 tuns burden (see Eneyelopedia). The sides were seren feet thick, of junk, rawhides, and green timber, and on top there was a bomb-proof roof, made with a pitch so as to cause projectiles to roll off. They had conveniences for heating shot. Their armament was 32-pounders, and they were manned by 5,000 men. They withstood the heaviest attacks of their assailants, but were finally set on fire by red-hot shot, and destroyed. Nor can it be allowed that the English or French are entitled to the credit for the first steam floating-FULTON'S DEMOLOGOS.

for in 1813, Robert Fulton actually built for the United States Government a vessel of this class, which be wished to call Demologos, but which was named Fulton, after him. It was, however, not finished in time to participate in the war with Great Britain, or we might have been able to date the reconstruction of naval architecture farther back than the Crimean war.

of mankind have been taxed to attain that desideratum-a war ship that combines all the four essen tials in equal degree. The Sevastopol gun-boats possessed the quality of defensiveness more completely than any which have succeeded them, for their armor of proof effectually protected them from the weight of metal that was then thrown by the ordnance in use; which is more than can be said of many ships since built, so rapid have been the improvements of Armstrong, Whitworth, Krupp, Dahlgren, Parrott, Wiard, and other ordnance makers. When the Crimean war ended Russia had a bare remnant of a navy left. Most of her ships lay at the bottom of Sevastopol Harbor, some others were disabled in engagements, and others had been rendered practically worthless by age. Contracts, however, had been made for powerful shipe which could only be delivered after the cessation of hostilities, among them the General Admiral, which was built by Mr. Webb of New-York. This ship had fine lines and a good form, in fact almost identical with the Franklin, and served as a model for the Russian constructors, who were not slow in adopting and applying the ideas she suggested. Steam frigates of the first class had their origin just pre vious to this date in the building of the six steam frigates for the United States navy, in the early part of Pierce's Administration. These ships will be referred to in their proper place, when I come to speak of the American navy, but I call attention to them now, as the General Admiral so closely resembles the Franklin as to seem as if she were cast in the

same mold, except that she is rather longer.

RUSSIA APTER THE WAR. As soon as possible the Russian Government en gaged Capt. Gowan of Boston to raise the fleet in Sevastopol Harbor, and in due course of time he got no less than 70 of them affoat. Russian naval architects and engineers were sent out in all directions to gather information. Every foreign dock-yard and arsenal was explored, none more thoroughly than those of the United States, where the authorities cheerfully furnished all the facilities required, and the facts obtained have been indiciously used in building up a navy that, in the size and number of its guns, is a match for any navy in the world, and which before long, if the same progress is maintained, will give Russia the command of the ocean. The ships re cently built are very fine specimens of naval archi teesure, and none are absolute failures, which is more than can be said for any other Government. No wild scheme has been tried, no money nor time have been spent in trying to do what others have found impossible; nothing has been at hap-hazard, and the consequence is that to-day Russia has better means at her command to defend her sea-coast than any other nation, her forts have more powerful ordnance in position, and her ships carry more heavy guns in proportion to her tunnage. They draw little water, and carry guns weighing in many cases twenty-five tuns each! In comparison, what should be said of the boasted navy of France, which at this very moment cannot enter German harbors to destroy the German fleet, although it could utterly wipe its antagonist out of existence in a stand up fight! Of the Russian ships thirteen draw less than 11 feet 8 inches, and some of these carry 300-pounders and 13-inch guns. One, the Admiral Lazarew is plated with 61-inch iron, and carries a battery of six 15-inch guns on a draught of 162 feet! All these ships are of iron and built in the toughest manner possible. The navy list of Russia now bears the names of 274 ships, among which are dispatch boats, transports, and tenders, but her real strength is comprised in 24 ships and 17 monitors. Two of these are of wood and 39 of iron. Their displacement is from 3,200 to 6,227 tuns each. Their armor plating is from 41 to 71 inches thick, and their average speed 12.73 knots per hour. Their armament 12.73 knots per hour. Their armament is from the 8-inch to the 15-inch caliber, which would give Russia in battle a terribly destructive power. A fort may be battered down, its guns dis mounted, and its magazines blown up, but it cannot be sunk; while a ship is hable to all these casual-

It is questionable whether Russia could not do better than to build so many ships of war of iron, the durability of which in point of strength has not been fully tested. It will not rot to be sure, but its strength is impaired by corrosion, and it rusts unthat "the Warrior fouled so fast that she lost a knot an hour in speed every six weeks she was affoat." have seen instances, during my explorations in the great dock-yards, in which spar-work-boom-irons, hoops, withes, &c .- made of the best and toughest iron, was found after long exposure to one atmosphere, or to confined air, to be the same as cast iron, the slightest jar breaking it into pieces. Iron in salt water very soon fouls, making it necessary to dock a ship often to clean her bottom, and it is impossible to do this without straining her somewhat. In Chief Naval Constructor Reed's work on ship-building he gives an instance (page 11) of a ship which had to be docked and redocked no ess than three times, the rivets breaking over and over again in the operation. I saw not long since an iron steamer taken in hand to remove the machinery and rig her for sailing. When the cement, used on the bottom and ends to preserve the boltheads was taken out the lower ends of the sternpost and stem, and much of the plating, was found to be little better than brown paper, and broke up into scales of small sizes. The vessel had been in use only 16 years. Many wooden ships built of unseasoned timber have been found sound at that age. Little effort has been made until recently to preserve ship-timber from decay and the attacks of the borer (teredo navalis), but I judge that this highly important question will be thoroughly looked into during the next four years. There are certain cases where wooden-ships are cheaper and better than iron. A fair test of iron-ships in battle has not been made, but if Russia is drawn into this war many facts of great importance will be learned. If iron ships are found unable to stand frequent docking and undocking, their rivets breaking from the want of more substantial bulkheads, or even starting in the operation, then the conclusion will be warranted that the building of iron ships is too nice an operation for war purposes, and must be abandoned. The iron ships built for the Russian Navy are rather heavier than those of the same class built elsewhere, the general sizes of the materials being a little larger.

RUSSIAN PORTABLE MONITORS.

The small monitors or gunboats that Russia has all packed in sections on rail-cars, ready for transportations to the Rhack Sea at a day's notice, are made

The small monitors of gluesas that the action to the Black Sea at a day's notice, are made lighter for that purpose. I have counted 14 of this class which can be put affeat within ten days on an emergency. Who will say that Russia has not profited by the severe lessons of the Crimea? In this connection it is important to glance at the map of Russia and study how admirably the lines of her railroads are adapted to military and naval purposes. If the had laid out her whole territory as a fortification, and then planned her roads to transport amunition, provisions, ordinance, and floating batteries from point to point with least waste of time, the could not have done better than she has. Let this point be remembered in case of future troubles. There is no such thing as accident in the location of her railway system, but it is the development of a perfect system of offense and defense. The monitors above alluded to are made in three sections of 30 feet each, weighing in the aggregate 180 tuns. The armament of each boat is one 300-pounder gun. of each boat is one 300-pounder gun.

SUMMARY.

In conclusion, I would say that the navy of Russia

in conclusion, I would say that the navy of Russia is at this moment not so well adapted for foreign offensive operations as for short cruising and home defense. The number of large iron-clads capable of remaining a long time at sea is small, while the number of smaller ones is great. There is a deficiency of two of the four essentials of a war-ship-dependent of the four to France. All her armor is less than eight inches in thickness, and much of it only four and bushed in time to participate in the war with Great
Britain, or we might have been able to date the reconstruction of naval architecture farther back than
the Crimean war.

MODEEN PROGRESS.

Province this latter period the inventive powers

DEFENSIVENESS and speed. In the latter she is inferior to France. All her armor is less than eight inches in thickness, and much of it only four and a half inches—not enough to ward off the projectiles now in use. But, despite all her shortcomings, and inferior as she is to what the Russia of the next generation will surely be, she is better prepared to example the inventive powers.

THE CONDITION OF PARIS.

PARIS PRIVATIONS. CARCITY OF PROVISIONS-HIGH PRICES-PRE-PARING HOSPITALS-THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

PROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.L PARIS, Aug. 31 .- "The cry is, still they come."

Provisions of all kinds are already reaching famine prices. In three days, butter has jumped up per pound from \$1 50 to \$3; sait from two sous and a half per pout to six; potatoes from a franc and a half the measu called a boisseau—about 10 pounds weight—to three francs. No kind of meat can be obtained for less than 26 If one desires to indulge in what is here styled a ruw rate, there will soon be scarcely an alternative left for are, no doubt, excellent patriets. They intend to die upon the ramparts, and, in case of need, many will, no doubt, in defending them. But they are equally shrewd shopkeepers and traders, and know how to improve an exceptional opportunity. The Minister of inhabitants to lay in their stores, but here the Parisian shopkeeper steps in, and refuses to supply customers with more than a definite quantity of goods, fixed by himself, so that the customer is compelled to purchase which are bringing home to us the greater one, that the

enemy is really at the gate.

The preparations for receiving the wounded are upor the vastest scale. Colleges, lyceums, schools, private mansions, religions or conventual establishments are being converted into hospitals, and by a late administra tive decision the palaces of Versailles, Tria-non, Saint Cloud, Mendon, Saint Germain, and Rambouillet are to be at once arranged for the same sad use. All classes are emulating the example of benevolence in this direction. From numberless windows in all quarters of Paris depends the ational Society for the succor of the wounded. The rich place their country seats at the disposal of the up that. The General Omnibus Company hands over to the Minister of War several of its depots in Paris and a vast farm of its own at Claye, in the department of Seine and Marne. This general sentiment of benevolence is, after all, quite natural, but it is pleasant to record. The

Reference was made in my last to the enormous quantity of live-stock now accumulated in the Bois de Boulogne. The poor beasts are in pitiable plight. All the bovine nationalities are represented, and the lake is their common drinking-pool. What grass the drouth had left was soon browsed clean, close to the ground; then the green leaves and tender shoots of the trees disappeared as far as cow or bull or ox could reach. Such lowing and bleating and believing were never heard before in the wood. The wretched beasts were well nigh in peril of starvation, but the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, whose foresight and activity had provided Paris with these flocks and herds, next turned his attention to the means of preserving them till needed; so he issued a circular offering numediate employment as berdsmen to all and any whomsoever familiar with the care of cattle. The complement to this intelligent proceeding is the appoint

#### THE DEFENSES OF PARIS. MONTMARTRE AND LA VILLETTE-THE PLAIN OF

ST. DENIS-THE WORK OF DEMOLITION.

A resident of Paris sends a letter to The Daily London News, on the 1st inst., describing some of afternoon to an endeavor to form some notion of what chances Faris would have if it be attacked on the northern side. I first drove to Montmartre. On the hill there was balls over the fortifications and sweep the plains of St. Denis. The driver of my facre told me that he lived at La Villette, and offered to drive me through that workingmen's quarter. In its wide streets there were groups of men in blouses, and all the cabarets were full of them. 'They are all out of work,' said the driver; they ask for arms to defend the city, but the overnment do not dare to give them muskets, for they never would surrender them before they had driven away not only the Prussians, but the Emperor also.' At the St. Denis gate, through which we passed, everything appeared ready for an attack. Here, as at the other gates, a trench had been cut across the read, a loopholed wall about two feet thick had been built, and been thrown up. As we emerged from them the plain of Parisian National Guard had held the Allies at bay in Port d'Aubervilliers, in front of us St. Denis, and far off to the left the fort of Mont Valerien. At the villages of Aubervilliers and Courbevoie there were earthworks and batteries. Having heard that there were several regiments of the line at St. Denis, and being curious to see what was going on there, I proceeded in that direction. The town has a strong rampart round it, and, like Paris, is surrounded by external forts. To avoid suspicion I drove to the cathedral, and put myself under the wing of drove to the cathedral, and put myself under the wing of a guardian whose business it was to show the tombe of the Kings of France. This worthy man seemed to consider it quite natural that a stranger should choose this moment for jeight-seeing. Round the outer door of the cathedral was a group of soldiers, and they accompanied the guardian and myself in our tour miside. The guardian and myself in our tour miside. The guardian did not spare us one word of his 'official tale,' and my soldier-friends appeared to listen to every syllable that fell from his flips with the deepest respect. These poor fellows, who no doont on the field of battle will fight like heroes, were as peaceful and as quiet as a girls' school. As we went is and out of the church, they dipped their ffiners in the holy water and crossed themselves; and if by accident one of them uttered a word while we were inside, there was a loud 'hush' from the others. The guardian toid me that every day for the last week he had shown several kundred soldiers over the cathedral, and that they had all, without exception, behaved in the same orderly, decent manner. He said that there were four regiments in the town, and that for the last week regiments passing north had succeeded each other every second day. Along the main street of the town a large ditch had been on, with an earthwork behind if. The ramparts were lined with cannon, and trees were being cut down and houses pulled down within the 'zone militare'. Not only were the barracks crowded with troops, but in one of the squares a regiment was encapped under tents. From St. Danie! drove through Argenteuli and Courbevole. The country in this direction is divided into market gardens and vineyards. In the gardens and the vineyards! I saw neither men nor women. In the towns, although the shops were still open, all the houses were shut up, except where the furniture was being placed in vans to be taken to Paris. All the vilins were deserted. At Courbevole there were two regiments I returned to Paris by Neuilil guardian whose business it was to show the tombs of

## PARIS BESIEGED.

REPRESENTATION PATRIOTIQUE AU BENEFICE DES FRANCS-TIREURS—SPEECHES BY CRE-MIEUZ AND ESQUIROS—THE MARSEILLAISE MIEUZ AND ESQUIROS-THE MARSEILLAISE BY MDLLE. AGAR. The Paris correspondent of The London

Daily News, writing on the first inst., describes as fol-lows an entertainment given at the Porte Saint Martin

The France-tireurs are a popular and picturesque corps. Their Parisian friends and relatives flocked to the performance, which comprehended two speeches from the stage, by two deputies, M. Cremieux and M. Esquiros. The programme of the night was of an intensely warlike character. Every seat was taken, and there was quite a the glowing pyramids of the gaselier. Prices for places, inleed, rose to famine or fever hight, and at about 10 o'clock no room could be had. The audience heard with admira-ble patience a triffing play which preceded the "conference" on " Rouget de l' Isle et la Marseillaise" by M. Cremieux. The speaker made vigorous use of his text, and and enthusiasm. His points were caught up instantly, and cheer after cheer greeted the bouquets of noble sentiments which he kept displaying merely altering the arrangements, as it were, occasionally of the most fami-liar flowers of French rhetoric. He had by him the inevitable table and the glass of water, while in the background and at the side were standing hundreds of the France-tireurs, in whose interest the exhibition was promotest. The France-tire up were also seathered through-

out the stalls and boxes, which are constructed after the out the states and boxes, which are constructed ancer to fachion of these theaters in London which have been provided for spectators who might defy the propensities of the flogging Orbilius mentioned by Sydney Smith. The orator was vehement, almost wild, in gesticulation. His voice ran through an octave of inflections; he wailed, he put oared, he whispered, he nearly sang, he growled, he put on his tremulo stop, he seemed to pray, to weep, to denounce, and in every mood he was followed by the vast rowd, many of whose faces grew white with excitemen and eager suspense. When he concludes the applause is side, and the Francs-tireurs rush forward to salute the worthy little gentleman, who seems not a whit the worse for his exhansting oration. He is summoned forth like a prima donna to receive the compliment of a second reception. And now the "Marseillaise," embodied in the person of Mile. Agar, appears to give illustrative effect to the "conference." She is admirably fitted by nature and by art for the rôle. Her forchead is low and broad, her eyes black, her hair is dark and leose, her bare arms shapely, though somewhat muscular, she moves in a crouching, tiger-like attitude, she is hearse, as though cheking with passion. In a white these she stoops and gides to the footlights, and commences her chant as though she were a Brocken witch, murmuring an unhallowed incantation. The blouses aloft are still as mice, a warning Aush-à stiftes a soiltary chatterer in the stalls. Every line is dwelt on with an emphasis which would be grotesque in its exaggeration but for the terrible and oppressive carnestness with which each syllable is listened to. We come to a climax when the tricolor is unfuried, and Mile. kneels down, and the France-tircurs kneel also, and the andience rise. At the close of the song Mille, is recalled, and is accompanied by a Franc-tircur, who holds her by the hand, with a bow sufficiently expressive of his and his comrades' resolve to live or die for the nation. Another warlike solo is delivered by a gentleman who is a triffe too fat to produce ummixed emotions, and whose rotund build is rendered over-paipable by a pair of yellow tight drawers worn below a short jacket. We have a tender ditty by a young lady and gentlemen, who quaver and quiver in that sigh-away, die-away fashion which belongs to the select of the for the nation. Another warlike solo is delivered by a gentlemen, who quaver and quiver in that sigh-away, die-away fashion which belongs to the select of the farty of the regiment. Buring an interval there was a collection for the france-tircurs. Ladies and gentlemen assisted in sending ro

### STRASBOURG AND PARIS.

A GERMAN MILITARY WRITER ON THEIR POWERS OF RESISTANCE.

The following extract from a letter of the wellknown military writer, Julius Von Wickede, has a special interest in connection with the news from

they should be captured and remain in our permanent pessession. A fair number of heavy siege-guns have already arrived before Strasbourg. The Prussian 24-pounders are excellent and very effective; they have a wide range, and as soon as the distance has been correctly ascertained (which is generally the case after two or three trial shots), their fire is as accurate and telling as can be reasonably desired. In regard to Strasbourg, it would not be wise to calculate upon an immediate capitulation. Gen. Uhirich, the commander of the fortress, was formerly in the Imperial Guard, and is an officer of the highest millitary ability, one who will do his duty to the last, and without any particular regard for the inhabitants of the city he is called upon to defend. I become personally acquainted with him at Varna, during the Crimean war, when we passed our leisure time in conversing about milliary matters, drinking a glass of light Brussa wine, and playing a game of dominoes. I remember well enough that we repeatedly touched on the possibility of our confronting each other as enemies. The brave General did not then imagine that the strongest army which the Second Empire could bring into the field would be repeatedly beaten by us within a fertnight, and that we could so soon commence the siege of the two most important French fortresses. The idea that the Germans would carry the war into French territory seemed too preposterous to the French, who thought it an easy task to drive the Prussians beyond the Rhine, and never expected to meet any scrious resistance until they would reach Mayence and Coblents. All their preparations show that this was their preconceived plant.

But to return to the siege of Strasbourg. Although

his army against its demoranting innumer it is deterimpossible.

We have read many reports about the immense fortifications around Paris, and had an occasion to examine these
strongholds a few years ago; and wereadily confess that
they are formidable, and were so previous to the numerous additions and improvements which have recently
been made. But what of that? If what we have said
above holds good with a city of 80,000 people, how much
mere so in regard to a capital of nearly 2,000,000
inhabitants, and composed of such dangerous and heterogeneous elements as the population of Paris I Some of the
Paris newspapers contain an account of the quantities
of provisions which are said to be stored in that city, and
pretend that the place is fally prepared for a slege of Paris newspapers contain an account of the quantities of previsions which are said to be stored in that city, and pretend that the place is fully prepared for a siege of four months. We feel inclined to think that the figures ou paper will not correspond with the figures ou paper will not correspond with the amoun of stores actually on hand, and we should not be at all surprised to find these statements equal in exaggeration and want of truth to the reports circulated about the strength of the French army, its armanest, equipment, and fitness for field service. We think that by the time the three immenses columns of the German army shall appear before Paris, all the braggadocio about the defense of that city to the last will have been silenced by sounder counsel and cooler judgment. It would be the climax of madness to attempt a defense of Paris under the existing circumstances.

## THE TERRIBLE UHLANS.

Capt. Jeannered, the correspondent of Le Temps, writing from Mézières-Charleville, after the bat-tles at Metz, of the conduct of the German troops, says that the reports of the Prussian doings are necessarily much exaggerated, but that isolated acts of violence have occurred, to which the alarm felt is in some degree traceable. Here is an incident which he relates illustrative of these exaggerations:

trative of these exaggerations:

"A Prussian soldier was lying on the ground in a field; a dector, near at hand, bandaged his wounds, and, having finished, was about to mount his horse, when a Uhlan eame up and shot him through the head with a pistol. Enormous as this seems, it must be true, for everywhere I have heard the same story. One of my informants was an old dragoon of the Guard, one of the rare survivors of his regiment, which was annihilated in the battle of the 16th. 'We have been crushed,' he said, 'but each one of us had struck down three; and now, since they have fired upon the dectors, no more quarter! I met one this morning, lost in a wood. He had thrown away his gun, crying, 'Friend, 'friend!' 'No friend,' I roplied, and ran my sword through his body.' Some Chasseurs d'Afrique have also declared in my presence, 'No more quarter.' Evidently the war beence, 'No more quarter.' Evidently the war between the two armice is assuming a character of fury and of extermination. 'The Uhlam will deserve, after this war, to hold the same rank in the Prussian army as ence, 'No more quarter.'

tween the two armies is assuming a character of fury and
of extermination. "The Uhlan will deserve, after
this war, to hold the same rank in the Prussian army as
the Zousee does with us. 'The Uhlans are everywhere,'
said a young peasant to me. Mounted upon excellent
horses, four of five of them arrive in a village, and the
whole canton knows that evening that the Prussians
have arrived, though the corps d'armee may be 18 kilometers off. But that is unknown: and hence the dread of
firing upon these four or five Uhlans, lest, for a single
firing upon these four or five Uhlans, lest, for a single
firing upon these four or five Uhlans, lest, for a single
firing upon these four or five Uhlans, lest, for a single
firing upon these four or five the terror produced by Prussian arms; but they also know how to caress the people.
In the envirous of Mett, nothing is spoken of but the Prussian organization, and the facility with which it adapts itself, for the moment, to the local customs of the country
that is invaded. They have even gone so far as to promise to the employée of the Sarreguemines Railroad to
maintain them on their present footing, though this is
very superior to the condition of similar employée in
Rhenish Prussia. In the towns, small and large,
wherever their conduct will be talked of, the same dexterous handling is shown. Half from policy, half from
instant inclination, the conduct of the enemy in certain
localities has left nothing to be complained of. As
against the villages burnt on the hills of Gravelotte,
other cases are cited where the inhabitants were quickly
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#### WAR MISCELLANY.

THE RAVARIAN ARMY. HOW THE SOUTHERN GERMANS MARCH AND FIGHT-RECEPTION OF KING WILLIAM BY THE ARMY OF THE CROWN PRINCE. [FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE CROWN PRINCE, LIGNY, LA MEUSE, Aug. 24.—This is a great day in the campaign of the Third Army of Germany. Majesty, the King of Prussia, has arrived at headquarters, attended by Gen. Von Moltke, and Ligny have been cheked with Bavarian troops from morning until late in the afternoon. The columns have gone by in a ceaseless stream, with loud trumpet notes and with a constant roll of drums. Regiment after regiment of infantry has tramped past my window, battery after battery of field guns has rumbled slowly along, and the shrill cavalry The scene in the public square has been one of the most crowded and warlike that you can well imagine. Oxen brought for food, horses and wagons fusion. The brass bands have been heard at the end of the street, have come nearer and nearer, and have gone proudly by with swelling strains of triumph. Now we have seen cattle led behind the regiments, now groups of mighty stream, and a clatter of hoofs like the same stream feaming over rocks. More wagons. They are actually at a with soldiers, which represents the invasion of France in 1870! I can well understand the expression of an old since, when some one spoke of bringing 30,000 more men into the field, "Thirty thousand more! why we should not have room for them to maneuver!" The Germans that they are not an army, but a nation under arms.

The Bavarian troops are in excellent condition. They their horses show no sign of exhaustion, despite the ticular are smart and soldierly. We have seen to-day a specimen of every branch of their service-the infantry steady and solid, the artillery very well furnished, and great things in the rough service of the outposts. These Bavarians are no contemptible allies for Prussia. Here s the Crown Prince leading an army of them to Châlons -perhaps to Paris itself. Here are their sky-blue uni orms pressing forward into the heart of France. They carry breech-loaders, but not the famous needle-gun, and they have proved what they can do in the way of fighting at Weissenburg and at Wöerth. The enemies of Prussia in 1866 have become good and helpful friends to the com Where the large standard hangs out in the narroy

street, and the sentries are always on guard, are the quarters of the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Commander in-Chief of the Third German army. You might have een the whole staff of His Royal Highness before the door at about two o'clock to-day, and you would have gathered from the excitement of the officers who kept the road clear that some event of importance was exre ordered off in no measured terms, everything spok made through the throng of vehicles, and the movement of the Eavarian columns was checked for a while. Now there appeared an escort of cavalry at full trot. Now an open carriage behind them. That General with the flat undress cap and gray mustache, leaning back in the carriage, was the chief man of all Germany, King William of Prussia himself. He passed quickly to his diery. If Napoleon could only have captured the non-and the group on the pavement before it. If only, but there is much virtue in the if. Yonder small, slightly-built officer, with the rather thin face, If Napoleon could only have captured the house Von Moltke, who has out-maneuvered every opponent. Near him stands another man in uniform, a civilian the North German Bund. He is tall, and his firm, remarkable face is too well known to need a word of comnent. Every one knows, by photographs and pictures, the face of Count Bismarck. Well may the good folks of Ligny stare at these new arrivals. They are the movers of the great machine which has overthrown the French scheme of conquest and invasion.

Aug. 25 .- To-day being the birthday of King Louis of Bayaria, there was a small review, or rather a parade of Bavarian infantry in a field near the town. His Royal Highness, the Commander in Chief of the Third Army, the soldiers. Cheers were given for the King of Bavaria the King of Prussia, and the Prince himself, and the French peasants, who stood watching the scene, being quite at home which their conquerors had sesumed. That little patch of sky-blue uniforms was drawn up as composedly in the middle of the field as though it had been a parade ground in Munich, and the Crown Prince stopped for a moment to speak, good naturedly, to the people by the road-side, as though he had often seen them before. There was n guard nor escort of any sort, though for that matter the troops under inspection formed escort enough, and when the valley rang to German cheers, it was difficult to real ize how complete an innovation were these sky-bine uniforms amid the poplar tree avenues and bright green vineyards of la belle France. I mentioned that the Prince spoke to the people as he passed. It is fai to them to add, that they behaved with a politeness worthy their unwelcome but courteons guest. Those who stood nearest to the Prince slightly raised their caps, and while there was no sound of greeting, neither was there any gesture of disrespect. I have noticed more than once during this campaign that the conquered French seem to accept the position which the fortune of war has forced upon them with a logical tranquillity that does credit to their good sense. "A la guerre comme à la guerre" is the redection on every one's lips, moraing, on, and night. You may hear a flerce wish now and then from the younger men that they had had a landwehr and had been armed before it was too late. But as a whole, the conduct of the people has nothing of impotent flerceness about it. They are simply very sad, woe fully dispirited, and gloomy

#### LIFE IN CAMP. BEFORE METZ-HOW THE SOLDIERS LIVE-PRE-

A correspondent of The London Daily Telegraph writes from the camp before Metz: The principal occupation, or rather the serious business of the day, in camp, is the preparation for a meal of some sort. Directly you wake, human nature at once requires some sustenance: you crave for a good hot cup of tea, especially if, as last night, you find yourself exposed to what Virgil calls a placidus imber. The fact was that the wall at the back of my shelter gave way, and I found myself lying with my head outside, the gentle rain falling plentifully on my head and face. The dry sticks which you have taken to bed with you to keep dry are produced as soon as day breaks, and a hot tin of coffee without sugar or milk helps to pull you together. The business of the day then commences. A rush is made for the nearest "Marketender" wagon that has come up from Gorze. In the following pany an individual called a "Marketender." Half soldier, half publican, and wholly thief, he is a curious dier, half publican, and wholly thier, he is a curious mixture of cunning, courage, and dishonesty—terms, I am aware, that are strangely discordant, but which are all represented in the character of the Marketender. His duty is, with his wagen, covered with canvas and drawn by two wretched-looking horses, to rob, plunder, or buy provisions at any of the villages he passes through, and to sell the produce to the soldiers of the particular company to which he is attached, the number of which is painted on his wagon and carried on his cap. Very often the Marketender has his better-half to help him—a virage who outbravens the sins of her husband, bullies the soldiers, and cringes to the officers. Mrs. Marketenderin is by no means an engaging looking person. The one I have to do with wears a costume sufficiently ludicrous. A French soldier's cap covers her grizzled hair, the peak shading a face which, from exposure to the sun, looks like a piece of badly tanned leather; a Voltigeur's jacket envelops her body, and a large red bandanna is wound round her waist, where she carries a huge knife, with which to cut the hard black bread into the pieces ahe dispenses to the soldiers; her arms and hands are brown-black, partly from exposure and partly from dirt, while, to complete her semi-military costume, the shortness of her petticoat reveals her feet incased in a pair of long boots that have once been the property of some Prusaian soldier, whose bones, in all probability, are now lying upon the plateau of Gorse. They both dispense their commodities in eager haste, and are not partly prome cheir commodities in eager haste, and are not partly prome their commodities in eager haste, and are not partly prome cheir commodities in eager haste, and are not partly prome cheir commodities in eager haste, and are not partly prome cheir commodities in eager haste, and are not partly prome their commodities in eager haste, and are not partly prome directions. mixture of cunning, courage, and dishonesty-terms,

ticular as to the change they give for a thaler. The appearance of the sicondiers since the involon of Fronch territory has wonderfully improved, no doubt at the expense of la bella France, and the money they are making will, without doubt, enable them to cat their "Kartoffelsalat" and drink their "Zeitinger" for the rest of their days in peace and quietness on the banks of the Mosello or wherever else they may please to settle down. If you are in favor, madame produces a piece of meat from the recesses of the wagon, and perhaps an onion, a piece of bread, and a glass of schnappe, for which you pay the moderate sum of one thaler. With these valuables you rush off to your shelter, wherever it may be, and, if the rain has not put your fire out, you improvise a meal, which, if not very recherché, at least filis your stomach. I was asked by the General to-day why I did not go and live in Gorse like the other Englishman! My answer was simply that I depended for information upon my own eyes, and not upon the retailed news of others. This seemed to amuse him vastly, and he patted me on the back and answered. "Thank God! there are then some who will tell the truth."

correspondent of The Pall Mall Gazette, who visited the hospital for the wounded at Darmstadt which is under the special charge of the Princess Alice, writes: " Certainly, nothing can be more admirably managed; and of those I have seen as yet it is the brightest; permanent one of stone and glass—an ex-conservatory. It stands in charming gardens, with their flower-beds, says, the Frenchmen gallantly tell her remind them of the waterworks of Versailles. Through these are scattered a number of succursales-wooden pavilions where canvas doors at the ends, to be looped up at will, and with openings in the roof, protected from the wet, but open to the wind. The Princes says the French strongly protest against the fresh air, while the Germans, on the contrary, very sensibly welcome it as the best of specifies. She night to be mistress of the inward sentiments of the patients, for they all seem to take her into their immost to see the faces of the sufferers lighten up as they re and stopped and spoke to each, the invalid laid himself back on his pillow with an expression of absolute bies etre, and for the moment seemed to find something more than an anodyne for his pain. Her passing along the wards applied the most infallible of tests to the cases If her presence did not smooth the pain-wrinkles out of drawn mouth, and cause a flash of light to his eye, you were quite sure to hear he was in an extremely bad way was it with the wounded alone she seemed

were quite sure to hear he was an all extended bases where the animating spirit of the place. Nurses and doctors and convalescents walking about all addressed her with the same cordial familiarity—only tempered by their evident reverence and love. The truth is, and one sees it everywhere else as in Darmstadt, this was has not merely made Germany a matten, but a family, and a thorough family feeling pervades. North and South, high and low alike. Nothing, seems regarded as a sacrifice, and the humblest work that can serve the great national cause is regarded as a pleasure and honor. The theater at Mayence is given over to preparations for the hospital service, and the halies of the place, old and young, so to work day and night in hatches and in gangs, in the coarsest mulerials and roughest work. Here at Darmstadt no small portion of the Palace is devoted to the same purpose, and the workrooms communicate directly with the Princess's apariments. There are piles of mattresses in the galleries, hills of blankets and ensitions below, chests of lint, bundles of bandages, mountains of cushious, sandings for absorbing blood, wooden receptacles for shattered limber. There is a continual influx and constant outflow of all that. This afternoon the Princess's phacton had the back seat piled high with cushions wanted for immediate needecently covered up. It is true, with a carriage ruer but there were so many of them that the rug was sheer hypocrisy and absurd illusion. A hage bundle of flamost seriously embarrassed the coachman's legs and style,

The demand for the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, now general all over Germany, is based on other than military considerations. The correspondent bourg, says:

I inclose you a new war song, written here by a soldier to the popular old time of "Tell hatte einen Camerad." It is to be sung by the troops as they mareh into Strasbourg. Already the men have got hold of it, and sing it on march in chorus with harmonious emphasis. I heard it this afternoon chanted in unison by two battalions of the ist

Dear Brother, torn apart, Is 't true that changed thou art ! The French have clapped on thee Red breeches, as we see; Have they Frenchified thy heart ! Harkil that 's the Prussian drum,

In Alsace, over the Rhine. There lives a Brother of mine;

Thee also, fighting sore,
Ankle-deep in German gore,
We have won. Al, Brother dear'
Thou art German—doet thou hear
They shall never part us more.

Who made this song of mine! Two comrades by the Rhine;— A Susbian man began it, And a Pomeranian sang it, In Alsace, on the Rhine.

M. CREMIEUX AND THE MARSEILLAISE.

A correspondent of a London journal giver he following account of M. Crémieux of the Prench Provisional Government, and a public assemblage which he attended. Having stated that the subject of M. Crémieux's speech was "The Marselliaise Hymn," the

Crémieux's speech was "The Marselliaise Hymn," the writer proceeds:

M. Crémieux is now 74, though his voice and spirited bearing showed no symptoms of this advanced age, and no less than 56 years ago he made his first hit as a rising advocate by his defense of four prisoners accused of singing that "seditious song, the Marselliaise." From a book recording the history of his triumph, M. Crémieux read to the audience (or rather delivered over again—12 was given with so much gusto and spirit) his speech as a young barrister of 24, describing with great naizet how he horrified the Judge, but charmed and conciliated the jury, by reading in full court the "seditious song" with all the emphasis and fire of which he was capable—committing himself in fact, as it were, over again the very crime with which the client he was defending was charged. However, the ruse answered its purpose. The verdict was a triumphant acquittal, and M. Crémieux was thenceforth a made man. The jury could not have been more pleased with the young advocate than the Porte St. Martin audience were with the veteran of 74, and M. Crémieux ran apparently some risk of being encored, when he was reached from this trying compliment by the advance of Melle. Agar to sing the song he had just been discoursing upon—the Marseillaise. Her voice was not very remarkable either for sweetness or strength, but her management of it was good, and her play of feature singularly striking and impressive. Her dress was that of the classical Goddess of Liberty—a tunic of simple white dropping loosely over her figure, the expressive movements of which it neither fettered nor concealed, and leaving the arms bare. Her long black hair failing dishevelled down her shoulders, and dark eyes full of the fire of enthusiasm, gave her almost the appearance of one inspired, and when at the last stanza she grasped the tricolour flag and, kneeling down, half shrouded herself in its foldes, the entire audience, which filled every corner and crevice of the theater from gallery to floor

The correspondent of The London Telegroph,

The correspondent of The London Telegraph, writing from Carlsruhe on Aug. 29, says:

It is evident from the care with which the troops have been disposed around Metz, that Marshal Enzaine, with all that remains of his army, is still safely inclosed within the walls. The town is now completely blockaded. On the eastern side Gen. Steinmetz commands with the First and Seventa Army Corps; on the north with the First and Seventa Army Corps; on the north are the Saxons (Twelfth Army Corps) [the Saxons were are the Saxons (Twelfth Army Corps) [the Saxons were detached against McMahou.—Ed. Tribone.]; and Prince detached against McMahou.—Ed. Frebene.]; and Prince frederic Charles, with the Second, Third, Fourth, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Army Corps, together with the Guards (the Guards were in reserve at the battle of Sedan.—Ed. Tribone.), encircle it on the south and west. Sedan.—Ed. Tribone.], encircle it on the south and west. Putting the army of Marshal Bazaine at 100,000 men, and, Putting the army of Marshal Bazaine 40,000 sick and 110,000 troops; add to this number 40,000 sick and 110,000 troops; add to this number 40,000 sick and 110,000 troops; add to this number 40,000 sick and 110,000 troops; add to this number 40,000 sick and 110,000 troops; add to this number 40,000 sick and 110,000 troops; add to this number 40,000 sick and 110,000 troops; add to this number 40,000 sick and 110,000 troops; add to this number 40,000 sick and 110,000 troops; add to this number 40,000 sick and 110,000 troops; add to the number 50,000 inhabitants of the town and survounding districts, now within the walls, and we see that there must be at least 20,000 men to be fed within the better must be at least 20,000 men to be fed within the better in must cut its way through and make good its easier, and the strength of the troops and the strengt